

Sergeant William Bailey

The Wolfe Tones

Sergeant William Bailey was a man of high renown,
Tooral looral looral looral loo,
In search of gallant young recruits he used to scour
the town,
Tooral looral looral looral loo,
His face was full and swarthy, of medals he had forty,
And ribbons on his chest red white and blue,
It was he that looked the hero as he made the people
stare O,
As he stood on Dunphy's corner tooral loo.
But alas for human greatness every dog he has his day,
Tooral looral looral looral loo,
And Sergeant William Bailey he is getting old and grey,
Tooral looral looral looral loo,
No longer youths are willing to take his dirty
shilling,
And things for him are looking mighty blue,
In spite of fife and drumming no more recruits are
coming,
For Sergeant William Bailey tooral loo.
Sergeant William Bailey what a wretched sight to see,
Tooral looral looral looral loo,
His back that once was firm and straight is almost bent
in three,
Tooral looral looral looral loo,
Some rebel youths with placards have called his army
blackguards,
And told the Irish youth just what to do,
He has lost his occupation let's sing in jubilation,
For Sergeant William Bailey tooral loo.